LEADER.

Albeit I tremble, and scarce may
speak *my* thought
To a king's face, yet will I hide it
not.
Dionyse is God, no God more true
nor higher 1

PENTHEUS,

It bursts hard by us, like a
smothered fire,
This frenzy of Bacchic women !
All my land
Is made their mock.—This needs an
iron hand !
Ho, Captain ! Quick to the
Electran Gate ;
Bid gather all my men-at-arms
thereat:
Call all that spur the charger, all
who know
To wield the orbed targe or bend
the bow:
We march to xvar !—'Fore God,
shall women dare
Such deeds against us ? *Tis too
much to bear 1

DIONYSUS.

Thou mark'st me not, O King, and
boldest light
My solemn words; yet, in thine
own despite,
I warn thee still. Lift thou not
up thy spear
Against a God, but hold thy peace,
and fear
His wrath 1 He will not brook it,
if thou fright
His Chosen from the hills of their
delight.

PENTHEUS.

Peace, thou ! And if for once
thou hast slipped thy
chain,
Give thanks !—Or shall I knot thine
arms again?

DIONYSUS.

Better to yield him prayer and
sacrifice
Than kick against the pricks, since
Dionyse
Is God, and thou but mortal.